

SPIRITUALISM "CONSIDERED AND
ANALYZED PHYSIOLOGICALLY."

No. III.

The mere physiological argument of Dr. Norton though obviously defective, would be positively absurd, were it not for the psychological assumptions on which the hypothesis is predicated; for all observation confirms the aphorism of Paul, that "the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal." Before we commence the examination, however, it may be well to remind the reader, that much that now sails under the flag of *psychology*, is not only hypothetical in theory, but problematical in fact.—This statement will be obvious, when it is known that *Psychology* proper is the science of the soul, as analyzed and classified by metaphysicians and intellectual philosophers. In this sense it is nearly, if not entirely, speculative; although it is, or pretends to be, founded on *human facts* in consciousness; which are recognized by the mind's observance of its own phenomena.

Inasmuch, however, as the purely subjective and speculative method has been long since associated with, if indeed it does not properly belong to, the skeptical and mystical spheres of philosophy, few practical investigators in this age, think of using it in the more severe and strictly scientific departments of investigation.

Still, psychology has its facts as well as its fictions, and the former should not be lost sight of, although the latter must be rejected. What is here denominated *psychology*, however, is a very different sort of thing, from that *psychology* that has, for years, made some of the most splendid and wonderful facts of Mesmerism and Biology; the almost constant attendant, if indeed they are not considered by the majority, as the sole property of charlatanism and imposture.

Psychology, to be useful, therefore must have objective facts, as well as internal consciousness; for the hidden forces of Nature always develops external phenomena, where such manifestation is possible. In the world of mind, this was considered *impossible* in a scientific sense, until the observations of Dr. Gill, and the after revelations of Phrenology and Mesmerism, demonstrated the truth of universal analogy.

All that is reliable in psychology at present, therefore, is more or less associated with the physiology of the brain, and the *phrenology* of the nervous system. This Dr. Norton seems to understand, for he talks of "automatic thought" and "involuntary cerebration"—phrases that are destitute of meaning, when separated from modern physiology and anthropology.

The sense and wisdom of these phrases, remain yet to be seen; since the philosophy on which they are predicated, is not only problematical and meaningless to the many, but is ignored by learned Physiologists.

As we are "fall in the faith," however, that Phrenology is a Science, we accept them, and ask what then? What is "automatic thought," and what are the characteristics of "involuntary cerebration"? For an answer to these, and all such questions, Dr. Norton refers his reader to "Carpenter's Physiology, fourth edition," and the July number of the British and Foreign Medical Chronological Review. Still the Dr. finds in "Upham's Mental Philosophy," under the head of *dreaming* something that outlines the characteristics of "automatic thought," although he thinks "the idea is comparatively a new one."

The following are Upham's remarks, and the Dr's reasoning upon it:

"A train of conceptions arise in the mind, and we are not conscious of any direction or control whatever over them. They exist where we are not." Here we have the same idea of involuntary cerebration, although expressed in a little different language from that which Carpenter used. Dr. Carpenter, however, goes still further, and takes the ground that cerebration may go on without either volition or consciousness. This would seem to be true with regard to the somnambulist, whose actions are doubtless the result of cerebration, although he is entirely unconscious of what he is doing. If he is unconscious, of course the actions must be involuntary; for there can be no volition without consciousness. The dreamer is conscious of his intellectual operations, although he "possesses no control over them."—The intellectual operations of the writing medium come under the head of cerebration involuntarily, but accompanied by consciousness. I say involuntarily, but do not mean to be understood by this that the will is incapable of controlling those operations; I mean that the will stands aloof from them, as it were, and they go on without the direction of volition. The same remark will apply to the act of writing. It is involuntary only as the will is kept in abeyance, and the hand moves without its control. There was no time while I was engaged in writing when I could not stop the motion of my pen, and direct my thoughts into a different channel, if I chose to do so. I cannot help thinking that in my mental state, while receiving communications, there was something analogous to dreaming, and that my involuntary muscular movements were much like those of the somnambulist.

"These 'free words' may be an explanation of Dr. Norton's experience, as we are unable to say to what extent fact and fiction blend in the published statement of the phenomena, and the 'effects' consequent on his 'one-week's mediumship,' but we do know, that they no more explain the phenomena of Spiritual writing than they account for, and make plain the varied and diversified phases of dreaming. This at least we have a right to expect, since the philosophy (such as it is) is predicated on the assumption that a common mode of manifestation characterizes the writing medium and the dreamer.

This in one sense is undoubtedly true, but the recognition of the fact is no explanation of its philosophy. The point to be determined is, how far is thought, dreaming, &c., "automatic" and mechanical; and when, and under what circumstances does the mental and Spiritual commence their single or combined manifestations? Until these distinctions are made and demonstrated by facts—not words—the discussion will elaborate itself in a circle, without point or meaning.

That dreaming is, in many cases, a purely physiological and "automatic" phenomena is granted—but to insist therefore that all dreams are the result of "involuntary cerebration" is to dilute the plainest principles of reasoning, as well as ignore the almost self-evident testimony of facts.

We say self-evident, because the intelligence that often accompanies the dream, not only transcends the known capacity of the dreamer, but so far transcends it, as to make the manifestation a mystery and a preternatural fact. The world's experience up to this time, has done little or nothing towards accounting for these phases of the Spiritual, while "day unto day" multiplies their number.

The Spiritual philosophy, however, not only ex-

plains them, but harmonizes them with every other department of knowledge and experience, for the teaching of Jesus and the *ministry* of the angels, have long since made it plain to the "way-faring man" that the high not only comprehends the low, but operates upon and controls it.

To be continued.

OLD FOES WITH NEW FOLLIES.

The New York Express and Freeman's Journal, seem determined to make issue on the paternity of Spiritualism.

The former, in its hostility to Romanism, and every thing and person related to the Pope and the Vatican, comes out with an attack on the latter, for attempting to make Protestantism responsible for the advent of the "Spirit Rappings." How long, bloody or bloodless, the controversy will be, we will not attempt to guess; but we are free to say, we think the Express man consistent enough in denying the assumptions of the Romish Organs; for, so far as we understand the history, mission and tendency, of Protestantism, it is in spirit and culture, looks towards denial and anti-ism, rather than acquiescence and belief. This being so, we can see neither sense nor honesty, in charging Protestantism with the advent and development of Spiritualism. We can see, however, and we do know the Romish Organs have a purpose in this attack, for Spirit Mediums not a few, are to be found at present, among the members and communicants of the "Catholic Church." This, of course, is a "dangerous thing," as none know better than the leaders of these Romish Organs; for, as soon as the Irish portions of "the Church" become convinced of Spiritual intercourse and angel ministrations, it will be a death blow to Popery and the Confessional.

Convincing proof this is, in the fact, that the majority of the Romish priests, and lay-men, have used every agent, and multiplied their unusual activity, in order to make Spiritualism obnoxious to the more susceptible and less bigoted portions of the Catholic family.

Not only have they done this through the media of the press, the lecture-room and the confessional, but, in some cases, the priest has sought out the Irish girl or boy, as the case might be, and prohibited the medium from further intercourse with the Spirits, although they had been taught from their "youth up," to pray for, and associate the "communion of Saints" with the "holy Roman Catholic Church." The secret of this conduct is summed up in few words;—the policy of the Vatican, and the stability of ecclesiastical authority, demand it should be so. Indeed, this new issue is but one of the many Jesuitical ruses for which the leaders in Romish policy are famous; for, they know the shortest way to kill any influence, likely to interfere with their authority and policy, is to call it Protestant—that term to them being synonymous with, and suggestive of, every thing mean, infidel, wicked and childish. This will readily be understood by those who comprehend the force of habit, and know the power of prejudice, consequent on a Catholic education. Protestantism, on the other hand, however unwise and infidel in doing so, has ever had the consistency of denial at least;—for, its members have generally associated Spirit-intercourse, and praying for the dead, with the corruptions of religion, and the superstitions of Popery. Whatever may result from the present war of words, between the Express and Freeman, the Spiritualists can thank God, and his ministering Spirits, for the victory they enjoy over church policy, religious prejudice, and theological fear.

POST OFFICE DELINQUENCIES.

We are again obliged to remind our readers of the annoyances and losses that grow out of our present postal system, in hopes they will co-operate with us in preventing further delinquency.

We extract from a letter sent us from Texas, to illustrate. The writer says: "A few miles from here, a club was made up and the pay forwarded, but we have not heard from it since. Mr. Lockhart, a Zealous Spiritualist, got the names, and now requests me to write about them. What I wish to know is, will the Office in New York be responsible, if we can assure you the money was sent from Chapel Hill? There were ten names, and ten dollars forwarded. I think in the month of August or September last." Some months since we had occasion to answer a similar question, through the columns of this paper, by saying we could no longer be responsible for monies sent us, without the same was registered at the post office before sending. This precaution, we are sorry to say, is no more reliable than the common method, our late experience being authority for this conclusion.

We now propose to our friends, that so far as possible, they give us orders on some person, or persons in this city, payable at sight. This method will give us more trouble, but we hope more money also.

We hope this is the last time we shall have occasion to call attention to the subject, as we intend to send the correspondence that has grown out of our losses to Washington, in hopes the Postmaster General may be able to find some remedy for these delinquencies. As it is, we intend to send the paper to all, who give us the necessary evidence that they have sent money, as we shall count their good will as something, though we may fail to get the wherewithal that makes the will substantial.

A "PROFESSOR" DISGRACED.

The age in which we live, and nearly all related to it, is so frequently and almost universally spoken and written of as "humbug," that the moral consequences thereof, could not be other than they are, since it is conceded, that in Spiritual as in physical things, "men reap that which they sow." Knowing this to be true, we have from time to time directed attention to a class of "Professors" and "Doctors," many of whom have been, and doubtless still are itinerating the country as psychological lecturers. It is of small consequence, however, what they profess, for manifestly their object is to retail their cheap thunder to the best advantage, and pick "up the shillings."

To effect this consummation, (so devoutly wished for), they will make issue with, and antagonize any unpopular truth or reform, if by so doing they can enlist public sympathy, and turn existing prejudices to "dollar and dime" account.

One of this species lately appeared at Manayunk, Pa., ostensibly to explain Spiritualism, and perform many unknown and unheard of wonders. What came of his visit, and how, it has come to pass that said "Professor" suddenly left, we will leave for an "eye witness to explain, who, in writing to the Norristown Olive Branch says:

Some of the inhabitants of Manayunk expected a great Psychology treat at the Temperance Hall, on Saturday evening last, on account of flashing ball-balls being freely circulated through the town by a certain J. B. Lee, from Frankford, who claimed to be a "Prof." and the greatest psychologist in the world, professing to explain Spiritualism on scientific principles, make Spirits visible, turn rods into serpents, water into wine, &c., &c. But to the great disappointment of those assembled to witness the wonderful performance, Mr. Lee made an

entire failure, proving by his clownish gestures, and ludicrous feats, that he was only an unskilled imposter. At the close of the disgusting "humbug," one of the audience put a few questions to Lee; in attempting to answer which he completely exposed his ignorance—evidently showing that he had never studied psychology or investigated Spiritualism.

At last he flatly acknowledged that he was "only a common working man without much education, and not very well versed in Science or Philosophy."

Poor Lee! He is more to be pitied than condemned, and if this should meet his eye, we want him to learn a useful lesson by it—as he has fortunately escaped out of Manayunk, for the time being. We hope he will go "work" at whatever he understands, and never be induced to go around any more as a "psychologist," fooling the community and destroying his own character.

The Frankford Herald said, not long since, that the title of "Professor" was conferred on the above individual on his first attempt to exhibit his powers in calling the "Spirits from the vasty deep," at a Hall in that place, and bespoke for him a "large audience" at his next entertainment.

In sight of this degradation of the press, we do not wonder that Mr. Lee was presumptuous enough to go forth as a "Professor."

LOSS OF THE PACIFIC.

Some of our "down town" denizens were much excited on Friday evening of last week, by hearing the readers of the evening papers, cry, "News of the Pacific." The Pacific lost, &c. The excitement was very natural, considering the present and past anxiety of many, who are supposed to have had friends on board, and others otherwise interested in the fate of the missing vessel. The news, however, turned out to be of a Spiritual rather than of a mundane character, for the Evening Express had copied some revelations relating to the loss of the Pacific from the Spiritual Telegraph, which the boys in their eagerness to "sell" the papers, did not take the necessary pains to examine.

As these revelations and communications have reached most, if not all of our subscribers ere this, it is unnecessary to copy them here, but as the following is strongly confirmative, although independent of Mrs. Porter's predictions respecting the Pacific, we give it a place. We copy from the Palmer Journal.

"The loss of the steamer Pacific is now considered certain, yet hope that some of those on board have escaped, been picked up, and will yet be returned to their friends is not abandoned. The Boston Times relates an incident concerning a passenger on the Pacific, which will contribute to the Spiritual stories of the day. That paper says that a Mr. K—, of Boston, took passage on the Pacific on her return trip. He had previously crossed the ocean many times, but before going out on his last trip, he became very much depressed in spirits, and seemed to have a presentiment that some fearful calamity would befall him. He was to be married soon after his return to a lady in Boston, and wrote to her from England stating the time he should be home.

About the time Mr. K. appointed to be at home, Miss —, his betrothed, was one night startled from her sleep by the figure of Mr. K. appearing before her! The form seemed so palpable that she was for a moment bewildered. She felt conscious that it could not be her intended; yet so real seemed the apparition, that she raised herself in bed and spoke to him. The moment it vanished, and Miss —, relieved from her agitation, went for her sister, who was sleeping beside her, and related the occurrence. But little was thought of this matter until recently, when circumstances induced a reference to the date of its happening. It proved to be February 7—the very day on which the steamer Edinburgh saw portions of sailors' furniture, etc., which some suppose to have belonged to the Pacific."

JUDGE EDMOND'S LECTURES.

AT THE STUYVESANT INSTITUTE.

Last Sunday morning and evening, the lecture room of the Institute was crowded to its utmost extent with select and attentive audiences to hear Judge Edmonds discourse on Spiritualism. His morning lecture was on the "Folly, Fanaticism and Dangers of Spirit Interference." The exposition of which proved to be as interesting and instructive as the subject matter was varied and suggestive.

As illustrative of some of the morning thoughts we extract the following from the N. Y. Express, of April 7. After some general remarks upon the progress of the age, he spoke of the rapid spread of Spiritualism; that in the short space of seven years its ranks already numbered millions; it affected the ballot box, jury box and judicial bench, even the press, said he, begins to treat it with respect. The Judge read a letter from a Frenchman, asking for information respecting these new doctrines. It was stated in the letter that a great interest was awakened in France concerning them; that the Val de France feared their spread, a Romish priest having incidentally remarked in one of his sermons that "the Spiritualists were disguised devils who are on earth to lead Catholic souls away from Heaven."

Judge Edmonds also referred to a French work on this subject, which contained a few mistakes. It announced, as a fact, which was as novel to his audience as it was to himself, that he (Judge Edmonds) had been expelled from the American Senate by reason of his Spiritualism.

Child Spiritualists.—Even children were becoming infected with these new ideas; they no longer fear Spirits, but talk familiarly about them, notwithstanding the censures of the pulpit and the ridicule of the press. What will be the effect in the next generation when this state of things exists? What changes will take place in our modern advancements? It is seriously affecting the churches; it intrudes not only on the pews but the pulpit; even the voice of the laws in relation to Spiritualism.

All Barbarians Spiritualists.—It is to be found among the Jungs of India, the Fakirs of Hindoostan, the Ganges and the Ganges of Africa, the Schamans of Siberia, and the Lapps of Lapland. Sometimes it has been exercised as an engine of power, and then as an object of terror, or of superstition. It has been at times suppressed. Two hundred years ago, 80,000 people were burned, drowned, and hanged, for no other crime than being mediums. The Judge then spoke at some length of the follies and fanaticisms into which some Spiritualists had been driven, but argued that all should be controlled by their reason,—it was for that purpose they were endowed with it.

Socrates Spiritualist.—It was believed in by Socrates who told us in the last hour of his life that he had always been accompanied by a familiar Spirit. It was known in Greece in the form of hearing midwives who were females. They met with great opposition, and it was declared that God had given healing powers to plants, minerals and animals, but he had not given it to women. (Laughter.) Their oracles were governed by the same influence as our mediums. There must be something in that which controlled the actions of so intellectual people as the Grecians. We can trace it also through the Church in the dark ages; if it broke out among the laity, they were burned at the stake as witches; if it appeared in the convents among the nuns, they were deified as saints.

Ancient Spiritualists.—The Judge also remarked: We make one great mistake, and that is in supposing those doctrines to be new. Turn your eyes to the history of the world, and there is no nation or tongue where you will not find a belief in Spiritual intercourse. You will find it scattered throughout sacred and profane history. Even in the ancient pictures, and human representations of the Egyptians that have been discovered, we find persons drawn in precisely the same attitude as that which is taken by the mediums of the present day. The Egyptians undoubtedly believed in Spirit-intercourse. Whoever has read the "Arabian Nights" will see how much of it is there. In Asia there is a sect who believe in Dualism, or the double spirit of man.

Living Spirits.—He referred to the contradictory statements of the Spirits, and admitted that sometimes they deceived the mediums. He concluded by

urging upon the "believers" not to be shaken in their faith by the multiplicity of doctrines or theories respecting the manifestations, for they must remember that the first days of Christianity were followed by all manner of peculiar notions and beliefs. May not, therefore, Spiritualism contain some mighty truths that we can hand down to future ages in spite of all this diversity of opinion?

In the evening, Judge Edmonds further discussed the subject, at the same place, apparently much to the gratification of his auditory.

MR. S. J. FINNEY—HIS LABORS AND LECTURES.

As we have criticized the ultraism of this Brother on former occasions, we now insert the following from the Milwaukee Free Democrat, that honor may be given "to whom honor is due."

The writer says:

"We were much pleased, and agreeably disappointed, last evening, with the lecture delivered by S. J. Finney, at Young's Hall, upon the 'approaching crisis in the political and religious world.'—Mr. Finney has a beautiful command of language, a fine voice, an agreeable delivery, and, at times, becomes thrillingly eloquent. He dealt for the most part in comparison and analysis, and his illustrations were extremely beautiful and applicable, while the earnestness and feeling that characterized his discourse, awakened a lively sympathy on the part of his hearers, which was specially gratifying to observe, and which was forcibly exhibited in a sudden and spontaneous outburst of applause. We are glad to learn that Mr. Finney has been engaged to preach regularly in our city, inasmuch as we feel that he will accomplish much good, by his bold and manly advocacy of truth and principle.—He is a man well calculated to reach and stir the popular heart, where reform, to be effective, must commence, and his influence upon our society cannot have other than a beneficial effect, may be called upon to differ with him in regard to his political theories, we cannot fail to accord him ability, power and eloquence, and to acknowledge him as an invaluable co-worker in the great cause of progress and reform. We know there are good people who will denounce Mr. Finney as a heretic, as an unbeliever, and imagine him fit only to occupy, externally, a cell in Plato's dominions. We know, too, that his views are in direct conflict with sectarian theology, and a bigoted Christianity.—But the day has passed, or at least, is fast disappearing, when strait-laced deacons rule public opinion, and a free sentiment, and a religious tolerance, is widening and deepening in the minds of the people, as the car of progress rolls onward, under the propelling influence of inevitable destiny. It is this progressive spirit that will sustain and encourage Mr. Finney. He is a man for the times, and we want such men. We want plain words, now-a-days, and free thoughts. We want all that is wrong in the church, as well as the State, exposed; and those brave souls, among whom we class Mr. Finney, who dare to lift their voices for the reform, should meet the approbation of all who are actuated by a true regard for the best interests, political and religious, of our country and the world. We extend Mr. Finney our right hand of approval in his crusade against tyranny and wrong, and bid him God speed in the good work in which he is engaged."

Our limited space will not permit us to give but a brief and meagre outline of Mr. Finney's lecture, although we question whether it would be possible to convey, by any report, an idea of its merits and excellence. The speaker opened his discourse by briefly reviewing the past history of nations, in which, he held, could be seen the inevitable march of progress, and when Martin Luther proclaimed the right of private judgment, a new and a mighty principle was born, which would yet grow into a ripe and glorious manhood. In speaking of the Catholic and Protestant Churches, Mr. Finney said that the only real difference was, that the former did not allow you to think, and the latter allowed you to think, if your thoughts did not conflict with a narrow creed. The Catholic Church is a stupendous wrong—a gigantic iniquity; it is the mother of ignorance, superstition, bigotry and intolerance. The Protestant church was a step in advance, but it would fail to accomplish any great purpose, because it is not firmly established upon a true principle. It is confined in its views, concentrated in its principles, and bigoted in its Christianity. And the speaker held that there must be another and a truer religion. The demand for such existed, and he thought it was answered, the want supplied, by "Harmonical Philosophy," of which he is an advocate. In reviewing the political aspect of affairs, the lecturer said that the struggle in our country at the present time was similar, in many respects, to that of the XVIIth century. The issue of the coming struggle is between Freedom and Slavery, between Liberty and Despotism, and Mr. Finney thought it our duty to work earnestly and zealously for the cause of humanity, for political and religious liberty.

The discourse abounded with new thoughts and pleasing imagery, while the argumentative part proved Mr. Finney a man of thought and study.—One simile that he used was of exceeding beauty and force, and the audience were unable to restrain their excessive emotion, to which they gave vent, as we have stated, by hearty and stirring applause. We have no doubt that many of our worthy church-members would have thought this highly irreverent and denunciatory in the extreme.—To us it appeared highly gratifying, for we saw it proceeded from a noble impulse, and an innate love for the true and the beautiful. It emanated from no irreligious feeling, no irreverence, but was a telling homage of willing hearts to a noble thought and a true principle. On the whole, the lecture last evening was an elevating and inspiring one. Its effect was decided and beneficial, and cannot fail to be productive of good. And we would advise our readers not to let another week pass without having heard Mr. Finney."

WHO IS DR. JERVIS?

We ask this question, as a writer in the American Times, informing us that "Dr. Jervis continues in his 'Review' to unmask the Spiritualists, and is not very delicate in the way he handles this great religious humbug, by which so many thousands have been deluded."

If the closing sentences of this extract are characteristic of the Doctor's style, method and logic, we can well dispense with "further acquaintance," but if the Doctor has "any philosophy" in him, and takes like a sensible, as well as an honest man, we should be pleased to know who he is, and study what he may have to offer for or against the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism.

Will some of our readers "look him up," and give us the desired information?

REV. THOMAS L. HARRIS.

We have no doubt our readers will be pleased to learn that arrangements have been made with this gifted and distinguished writer, whereby he is to become a regular contributor to the Christian Spiritualist.

We can assure our readers, also, that it is our intention to add other valuable contributors to the list of those who have been and are Spiritualizing life, and harmonizing thought, that the third volume may be all this is, and more.

CONGRATULATORY.

PROVIDENCE, April 17th, 1856.

Shall I sit idly dreaming in the golden light of this fair morning, whilst Daisy trills his sweetest note, and my roses and pansies open their richest bloom, in gracious token of the warm sunshine flooding with beauty their fragile beings? Have I no thank offering to render?

Memory gathers up her sacred rosary, and counts thereon, certain days and hours that have nourished buds of faith and joy, to open evermore in the still depths of my spirit.

I have chanced of late, to make my home for a little while, in one of your near sister cities. There, in the dear companionship of one, a wife and mother, who gives to the beautiful service of mediocrity all the weight of her high, social influence, and more than this, all the hours that might else be claimed by fashion's selfish pleasures; there in the light of her presence, within the circle of her home, I have held cheerful communings with many of the best and wisest disciples of our faith amongst you, and to them, as my flowers to the sunbeams, my heart would render tribute.

I stood beside my friend in her pleasant saloon, as she welcomed men and women pure and wise, Jurist and Statesman, Poet and Artist, Christian pastor and merchant Prince. I knew that all of these, with their motto of "Truth against the world," were ready to meet, and had met triumphantly its bitterest sarcasm and severest scorn; living their faith fearlessly, pouring freely forth its immortal waters, blessing those that persecute, and comforting those that mourn.

Then my thoughts wandered back to the little room, where with two or three gathered together, but a few years since, I first listened to the soft, rain-like sound falling on a simple board, which told that angel messengers were near with glad tidings the whole world would wake to hear; that they came to link torn and severed hearts in a beautiful brotherhood of charity and love, as they poured o'er earth's gloomy night, a baptismal radiance from higher spheres.

The two pictures melted into one, the fulfilment of that prophecy was there.

Nor there alone, it thrilled through listening multitudes, as, in his Brooklyn lecture, Judge Edmonds with calm and earnest utterance, asserted Spiritualism to be the accepted faith of millions, and then, with tender pathos portrayed its power to purify and bless our lives on earth, as well as to fold back the mystic veil that so long has shrouded our beloved in darkness and dust.

Yet, amidst all this social and public effort, I find with you, as elsewhere, myriads crying for our bread of life. A fuller development of medial power we do need. The generous and unselfish devotion of both time and money, exemplified in many lives making a beautifully distinctive feature of our faith, does not in any degree suffice to meet this great want. Every Spiritualist must perceive this. I make it merely suggestive here. Will not some one with wider and wiser experience, give us counsel on this subject; that is, the general laws of development and wisest uses of different phases of mediumship.

But Daisy's song is stilled, there are clouds upon the sun. I leave the golden sphere of memory to dwell once more in the silver heaven of hope. All things and seasons have their ministries. Even sorrows may become consecrated joys. In every soul lays an alchemical power that must finally transmute evil to good and darkness to light.

BEATRICE.

NOTES BY THE WAY.
NO. XXX.

GROTON CENTER, Mass., April 4, 1856.

BROTHER TOOMEY.—On Sunday, March 23, I finished my labors in Worcester, and passed on west day to other fields of labor. Shirley was the next place on my route. In this village I was most cordially received and entertained by Brother Abisha Crossman, and many other kind and loving hearts welcomed me. Here I occupied the pulpit of the Universalist Church, through the kind permission of Rev. Mr. Coffin, its pastor, and the Committee having charge of the same. Here I found a great many very small minds, who bristled up with a great deal of imaginary importance, thinking utterly to demolish me and overthrow Spiritualism in this vicinity. But they reminded me of a certain small dog, who one evening began to bark most unmercifully at the moon, as if determined to make it retrace its steps, or else turn aside from its onward path. But the moon paid no attention, and onward bent its course as if no silly dog had barked at all. I hope they learned that Spiritualism is not to be barked down, nor its labors to be driven from their work before its accomplishment.

Some persons busied themselves in dissuading others from attending, but they had their labor for their pains, and I think nothing more, since we had good and attentive audiences each evening, indeed better than might have been expected on account of the badness of the roads. The Slaker settlement near this place was represented.

There are Spiritualists here, connected (as I understand) with all the churches; and the minister of the Baptist is one who would suitably grace the chair of his Holiness, the Pope; indeed, I am not sure that he would not shame any of his predecessors for arrogance, were it ever to be his lot to extend his pedal extremities for the salutations of his flock. In a most unchristian manner did he attack one of his own church members a few weeks since, even within the precincts of his (so-called) sanctuary, in presence of many of the congregation, and ere the sounds of his precious teachings had faded from their hearing. What had he been preaching? A tirade against Spiritualism! What was the crime on account of which he thus attacked his brother? Spiritualism! Alas! alas! for a degenerate Church! formerly, and not long since, the Church would point the finger of scorn from out its Spiritual sanctuary, and designate him who believed not in Spiritual existence, as a materialist and an Infidel. But how are the tables turned? The Church has now become materialistic in its views, but little, indeed, of Spirituality is to be found within her gates—her glory has indeed departed, and Ichabod is written upon her walls? Ho! ye who pass by, stay ye! read and be astonished. This is she who boasted herself in her Spirituality; who exalted herself even unto the gates of the Holy City—but she has fallen! Alas! how deeply even into the depths of materialism, and the entire repudiation of that faith which formerly she avowed and in which her glory consisted. And now behold her, in all the arrogance of inflated pride and intolerant bigotry, still claiming to be the Church of God, pointing from her debased position at those seekers after Truth, who now receive and acknowledge Spirituality as a great and eternal reality, and raising against them the cry which she formerly raised against those who in past days occupied the identical ground on which they themselves now stand. Priest of the Materialistic Sanctuary! Judge not unless it be right-

eously? Thou professest to have the law in thy keeping and the authority to explain that law. Why then standest thou in thy sacred place to judge after the law, and commandest others to be smitten with reproach or contumely contrary to that law? Beware! Lest to thy inmost soul thou bring thy own condemnation, and an inward voice pronounce thy judgment, God shall smite thee thou "whited wall," and should this be brought upon thyself thou wilt fall, and alas how deeply.

Why have I thus written. It is not like myself. Yet do I feel impelled to let it pass. Go then and do thy mission, and may it be for good.

From Shirley, on March 27th, I proceeded to East Medway, where I arrived in the afternoon of the day, and in the evening lectured to a goodly company in the Union Hall. Dr. Gale was my host during the two days of my sojourn here. There appears to be a spirit of enquiry awakening among the people, and I think there are signs of promise for the future. Here I met a Miss Brown, a colored lady, who is lecturing in behalf of the slave. I did not hear her, but understand that she is a good lecturer. The mission is one of mercy to millions—may she be blessed in her labors—may the chains, ere long, fall from the groaning millions, and the blood stains be eternally removed from the flag of our beloved land.

On Saturday I went by way of Boston to Fitchburg, where I was domiciled for three days with Brother Monroe. On Sunday afternoon and evening, and Monday evening, I lectured to attentive audiences in the Town Hall.

Here I met with a very singular character, who designates himself as Simon Peter—Elijah the Prophet, second son of God, and brother to Jesus Christ. He is evidently deranged, and I think should be properly cared for. Some of the ideas which appear to be deeply seated in his mind are very singular. He told me with a great deal of sincerity and apparent confidence, that he possessed the rod of iron by which he should rule the nations of the earth—this rod was given him by two ladies, between whom he slept for forty successive nights, in token of his chastity—that it was he who should cause peace to prevail on the earth, and cause the nations to turn their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks. He possesses a written document, which he says is the authority by which he can unite persons together in the bonds of marriage, and that none are married who are not so through his office. That it is he who shall open the Lamb's Book of Life—loose the seals thereof, write the names of the redeemed therein, and admit them within the mansion prepared for them. He told me that he had with him his robes of office, consisting of a seraph robe and Eastern head dress, and that he wears the golden sword of the Prophet, &c. He trans and has done so for the last fifteen years, without pause or sleep; and where he can get the opportunity he speaks to the people. He is not a Spiritualist, but opposes the doctrine of Spiritualism whenever he can. This, however, is no mark of insanity, if it were, how many would be insane. In this place, I met a lady, a reaping machine, Mrs. Billings; also a personating and presiding medium, Mrs. Sidney, but I had no opportunity of proving their mediumistic powers.

On Wednesday morning I went to Groton Center, where I am now under the hospitable roof of Bro. Amory Warren. In this village there are several media, a few Spiritualists, and many enquirers of the right stamp who appear to be candid and sincere. Notwithstanding the unpleasant weather, and the great influence of orthodoxes, we have good meetings. I feel that this is a place to which I should call the attention of other lecturers who may pass this way.

Next Sunday, I have engaged to lecture in Lowell, which my course is at present undecided.

I would thank any friends who desire to communicate with me from the South and East of Massachusetts, to direct their letters to the care of Bro. Newton of the New England Spiritualist, Franklin St., Boston, without delay, as my route will be in that direction, and by so doing they will enable me to arrange in reference to their wishes.

I am, yours for Truth and Humanity,
J. W. MATTHEW.

For the Christian Spiritualist.
SPIRITUALISM AND ITS PROGRESS IN PHILADELPHIA.

FRIEND TOOMEY: You must not think, because you hear so little from me in Philadelphia, that Spiritualism is retrograding. The fact is, we are living such glorious times, all to ourselves, that we forget to share with our distant friends the things we are enjoying. Spiritualism has now reached a position far in advance of the most genuine anticipations of its prophet friends. Our lectures at Sanson St. Hall have thus far challenged the admiration and wonder of every attendant. Each lecturer seems so happy in pleasing, that the audience look upon the last as the climax, and the following Sunday, they are still better pleased than before, and it will be hard to persuade people to forego such a treat in the coming week.

Handred were forced to go away... I have heard several orthodox... I left in a day or two after, and I have not seen... Spirit gave the name of my daughter; when she... reverse of this, often. Was his mission successful?... THE INFLUENCE OF TRUE RELIGION. BY CORA WILBURN. For the Christian Spiritualist. PHILADELPHIA, April 7, 1886. We are being told continually of the benign influences of religion; of its softening and merciful tendencies, its admonitions for the cultivation of a pure and humble spirit; of its soul-elevating charms, that bestow serene contentment and holy resignation, guiding along the path of duty and forbearance, the truth-loving soul, that appreciates its hopeful gifts. These, we are told, are the felt and visible effects of religious feeling; but when we look around upon those professing entire obedience to the mandates and precepts of all received and acknowledged creeds, and denominations, do we meet with the observance of the divine principles of charity and self-abnegation, that is the basis of self progression and heavenly aspiration? Alas, no! Intolerance and bigotry assume religion's sacred garb, and anathemas thunder where the melodious accents of peace and reconciliation should bind with loving bonds of harmony God's earth dwelling children. Thy name, oh, universal Father! is profaned by the false zealots that attempt to portray thee, as a being of wrath and vengeance, subject to the human frailties of retaliation of evil; representing thy holy attributes, oh, God of infinite love and boundless mercy, beneath the threatening form of remorseless vengeance, inspiring the worshippers of the avenging Spirit, with a trembling and a servile fear, that disgraces humanity's upspringing hopes for freedom and advancement, and ensnares with the weight of superstitious fears, and misplaced conceptions of wrong, many a bold, brave heart, that earnestly aspires, but dare not seek the light, bound fast in error's keeping, and amid the strict observance of outward ceremony, and daily formula, inwardly doubting of that very heretate their cherished dogmas, so glowingly, yet so undefinedly reveal with words not proofs. An intangible, cloud woven, yet terrestrially beautiful heaven, where earthly gold and gems shed dazzling lustre, and eternal brightness and monolony prevail. No employment, no advancement for the aspiring spirits that even on earth, yearned for the "bright, the far, the unattained" of beauty, truth and knowledge. And the mighty, and all pervading spirit that dwells on earth, as elsewhere, endowing it with its charms of fertility, with its smiling aspect of grateful beauty; that great and universally visible spirit, whom the ancient heathens worshipped far more reverently, they give to him a "local habitation," and a "name" in accordance with their own limited ideas, of the divine perfection. Some endowing the spirit Father, with the personal attributes of earthly power, and despotism, the petty distinctions of crown and sceptre, that a true republican spirit, rejects as vain and empty baubles here, and attributing to him the intolerance dwelling within their own breasts, as he selects from among the human millions, his favored ones in creed and belief. Is this true religion? true fellow feeling, the fulfillment of Christian mercy and forgiveness? Because I draw a narrow circle around me and mine, and move on forever within its circumscribed limits, without daring to use my own God-given powers of reason and investigation, am I, therefore, the favored son of my Heavenly father; his chosen daughter, the heir to immortal blessedness, because I have followed the beaten track laid down for me by others, and have passively believed, and ceremoniously believed all outward forms, have conscientiously repeated the same morning and evening prayer always? Is this true endeavor, the offspring of a soul-received religion? But thou, oh, new and Heaven-descended light of universal charity; celestial visitant, bearing consolation and conviction to the doubt enshrouded hearts of humanity, true and heart-welcomed Spiritualism, how sublimely different are thy teachings of the infinite love and wisdom! Thy messages bear the Heaven-impressed tokens of convincing truth, gladdening the soul with the proofs of immortality, that heretofore no denouncing advocate of intangible glories and eternal torments, could ever satisfactorily give. Thou teachest no empty formula, but at the touch of thy inspirations, the soul's eloquent prayer wells from the Spirit's depths of love and gratitude, not from the caverns of cringing fear or trembling doubt. Love is the watchword of the true Spiritualist, and fear forms no portion of true religion's holy teachings. The love of the beautiful awakes the human heart to unspeakable thankfulness, even for the boon of life and self consciousness, that enables us to appreciate the manifold beauties, the varied charms of Nature's Spiritual revelations. Love animates the upward soaring flight of imagination, and brings its own visions of loveliness and future blessedness, to the heart dedicated to its angelic way. Inspired by love, the Spirit manifests its loveliest traits of indwelling goodness, in the sweet bestowal of kindly sympathies, and loving forbearance. The trials of earth are lessened by the influence that whippers, unceasingly, of good to come from seeming evil; of the undying blossoms of hope and affection, blooming into life, from the tear-watered soil of earthly sorrow and bereavement, eternal reunion hereafter unending progression in the realms above! Spiritualism enjoins no formal prayers, for the soul's loved departed ones, implants no sting of doubt or fear of the future heavenly meeting; threatens no eternal condemnation for the errors of life on earth, while it, too, reveals the unflinching punishment that invariably attends upon wrong; that a bitter expiation awaits the forgetful soul, that neglecting its higher nature, has darkened its Spiritual lustre in the gloom of vice. Y, religious expounders, and stern moralists, know, that far more terrible than your wildest denunciations and prophecies of future remorse and punishment, is the chastisement, the self conscious spirit inflicts upon itself for a mis-spent life and perverted faculties; that the sure remorse that follows upon the perversion of the soul's given attributes, commences upon earth, and continues in the Spirit world, but with the recognition of the right, comes progression and Spiritual advancement, and the attainment of higher powers is within the reach of all earth's children. Is not this a better, a more ennobling view of the Creator's bounty, and the human Spirit's power than the eternal binding down to unending and monotonous enjoyment, or material torment? No, Spiritualism teaches endless endeavor in the path of right and duty; it places above and around us, not only the all seeing eye of God, but the felt, sometimes visible presence of Spirit friends, and higher natures, that once mortal and entering as ourselves, now beyond the reach of human frailties are steadily progressing in the onward and upward march of heart and mind, and soul, inspired by love, uncheeked by fear, unerringly guided by hope. Spiritualism teaches its votaries, the utmost purity of thought and action. Conscious that a Spirit mother's heart searching vision is upon us, who dares to indulge in thoughts of evil, believing that a father's look of fondness

lead to Pharisaical and officious espionage or intrusiveness. It turns the mind upon itself and its own highest interests, and thus frees it from all desire for intermeddling suspicions and oversight. Self-development, for the elevation of others; who would call that intrusive?

Assuredly, then, to know that ignoble and base states of mind drag down others as well as the mind indulging its low feelings, would give a new aspect to all sensuality and vice, and make many pause on the road to a ruin, that would involve so much more than their own individual degradation. This very thought has turned many to nobler paths. To know that all clear and energetic thoughts; all noble aspirations; all holy volitions, not only bring us nearer and nearer, the ever-accumulating power of Eternal Life; but, also, in a thousand ways, seen and unseen, go forth to raise the tone and stimulate the faculties of others;—of those who are now wasting blessed hours of holiest privilege, and are gravitating to the plane of the brute, that seeks only the supply of its own animal instincts;—surely this is the knowledge from whence cometh the never-failing endeavor of human souls. The vital power of Spiritual energy in the most humble, awakens many from their lethargic dreams and inglorious pursuits; and from being mere nebulous spots upon the great surface of Humanity's chart, they are rounded into stars and suns of never dimming brilliancy. It brings the everlasting guardian of a rational life to selfish scheming and irresponsible indulgence, and consecrates it to holy affections and beneficent aims.

Now, when we add to this assurance of the power of the eternal truth, brought within the reach of every man by Spirit manifestation, that the future life is but a continuation of the Spiritual part of the present—when we come to know, and not merely to accept, upon the interested or fanciful testimony of others, that we only throw off the mere modes and customs of life, and not life itself, at death—our steam engines, rail-ways, ships, shops, banks, farms, houses, offices, and apparel, and that even their Spiritual meanings are as eternal as the Spirits out of which they were made; that the outside covering conceals only a part of our nature; and that all our higher faculties can be exercised, even now, in a purely Spiritual direction, and are so exercised in every effort to separate truth from falsehood, in all high meditation and devout abstraction; when we are made to see that even those of our faculties that are wasting in the using, can be made servants to the purer life, and the channels of their exercise, in our business and pleasure may be penetrated by the influences of our kindred of nobler development beyond the fleshly hindrances of the body,—we may make our lives on earth flow, almost without a break, into that of the heavenly spheres. And thus we would not so much prepare for Eternity, as live it now. Not fix the eye, so impatiently on the distant future as to cause us to stumble over every object before us and ingloriously waste our days in needless repinings and disappointments, but make our every step here an advance to our ideal of hereafter. This life would become but a part of that. The same law would be found to regulate both. High aspiration and holy duty would be seen, as the means, the only means to create the atmosphere of unbounded confidence everywhere. And to carry out the highest conception of beauty and excellence possible to the present condition; to extract and enjoy the real and not the factitious sweets of the passing moments, we would daily feel that a wholesome future can only grow out of a healthful present. Our sickly sentimentalities and dependencies would be outgrown, and the present and future would be so engrafted, that the twin would be as one united by God, so that death would seal the union.

Thus we are taught that our present life predicts our future. "As we sow we reap." The judgment is always "to come," and the issues of the present conduct are always before us. He that does nothing is nothing, and tends to nothingness. If we are not growing better we grow worse.—We cannot stand still; and the desire to do so reveals an ignoble and degenerate character, taking us back to the sloth and degradation of feeble animals. All good thought elevates; all evil thought degrades the thinker; and no thought weakens till we almost lose our identity and become machines.

The outward appearance of vice is repulsive to all. Spiritualism proves that the inward ought to be more so. If a man would not speak a lie, Spiritualism would say, *Do not think it*. The atmosphere of evil thinking makes the miasma that destroys Spiritual health. You cannot breathe it freely, you cannot feel while breathing it, the immortal beat of a God-like nature.

Thus Spirit-intercourse opens up hope for all, and provides its conditions. It makes every thought and wish of the soul proof of its reality.—It says to every honest questioner, Examine your own soul—in solitude, alone, afar from the grosser considerations of fleshly demands, and it will become a mirror of Spiritual light, it could neither create nor destroy. It teaches that a pure thought in any soul, however sunken, generates a light that opens up glories and attributes that may yet adorn it with brightness and beauty eternal.

Hail! then, thrice hail! ye bright evidences of human immortality now brought to bear upon the highest interests of suffering Humanity. They swell the heart, with the fondest anticipations, in token to the great and inestimable boon bequeathed from the God who gave us life! They penetrate the portentous cloud of to-day with the rays of the glories of to-morrow. They stay the desolating hand of sectarian animosity as it would destroy the fairest prospects of all who look beyond the mortal conflict to the Immortal Peace! They bring to lost man—lost amid the chaotic waste that has left him scarcely a pillar of hope to which to cling, the restored vegetation that shall outlive all the monuments of Time! They lay low the foolish conceptions of all whose greatest aims are personal aggrandizement over the misfortunes of their fellows, and rob the hydra-headed monster Vice of the false decorations that have ever enwrapped proud ambition in an iron grasp and fiendish hate. They bring a fellow sympathy with the cares and misfortunes of those who make up the great pale of mankind in every age, which absorbs them in one common end. They tell our desponding hearts, that *God lives in man*, though the murky mire and the clotted earth weigh down all that would adorn and beautify him as the Archetype of the Eternal One! and we already know that the sparkling gems of that life, shine as the glory of night to span with hope his mid-night Heaven! They assure us that every frail barque of Humanity is launched upon a fathomless ocean, and however tossed by the diverse currents of human reasoning, the gentle zephyrs of Peace shall yet wait it placidly to the longed-for haven! and the fierce winds that threatened it shall sing a requiem over the burial of all its fears! They help all to stand unappalled at the darkest and most trying

hours of human responsibility, for they illumine the drooping soul with hope, and point unerringly to the untold treasures it bears above the aim of every bolt of injury or death! They carry the bright visions of life's early morn to the meridian of its strength, and extend their serenity and peaceful hope to its hastening decline, and amid all its gloom, make each become brighter and brighter until it ascends in honor, to its kindred, gone before! They give calmness to the conflicting elements that boisterously roar over the world, by revealing the same overshadowing Heaven, and the same great destiny to which we may triumphantly march, even amid the terrific howlings of disappointed scheming at the expense of Humanity's dearest hopes; and they make us know that there is no hour so sweet, no day so bright, but that its equal succeeds in its turn to bring the conscious reflections that carry us back to the trying scenes forever passed, with a joy no tongue can utter, no language express.—*Spiritual Spheres*, by J. B. Ferguson, pp. 187, 190.

THE TESTER TESTED, AND THE CRITICAL CRITICISED.

Notwithstanding it is generally conceded, "it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," the number is very small, who study with sufficient caution the nature of the issues, and the tendency of the opposition urged against Spiritualism and general Reform. Nothing short of this, however, should satisfy the prudent conservative, since it often happens that men imagine themselves sublimely wise, when, in fact, they are profoundly stupid, they being judged by their own standards and looked at from their own stand-points.

Fresh and convincing proof of this will be found in the position and logic of the Rev. gentleman, criticised in the following.

We copy from the *Savotage Republican*:

MR. EDITOR:—In the *Baltimore Journal* of last week, I perceive a challenge thrown out to the Spiritualists, from the Rev. David Tully, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in this village, which is couched in such respectful, gentlemanly language, and shows such a Christian spirit, such elegance of taste, and with all, is such a choice piece of literature, that I cannot without doing violence to my feelings refrain from giving it a passing notice for the present. On some future occasion, when I have more leisure, I promise to give his challenge and the gentleman himself, that marked and particular attention which in my opinion they richly merit. At present, however, I hope the gentleman will pardon me in disposing of the matter in a summary manner, by stating that his challenge is accepted, and that I appoint as a committee on the part of the Spiritualists, George Thompson, Esq., Dr. Moore, Deodatus Babcock, D.D., Rev. Mr. Hayhurst, John Larsher, Dr. Harris and Albert A. Moore.

All that remains for Mr. Tully to do is simply to appoint the time and place of meeting, and select the committee on his part.

I cannot, however, close what I have to say at present, without alluding to the barrel of Flour which the Reverend gentleman informs us is procured and at Mr. Lee's store, waiting to be carried to the door of some poor family by the Spirits, and the gentleman adds, in elegant and refined taste, that in case it is carried there by them, he will then believe "in the immortality of Horse-Spirits." In reply to this part of the article, I have only to say that I think any poor family would be more or as much, surprised at the barrel of flour being carried to their door by the Spirits, as they would if it were carried there by the Reverend gentleman or any of his cloth. What a consolation to the poor that the Rev. gentleman has procured a barrel of flour at Mr. Lee's store, to be carried to some poor family by the Spirits. I suggest for the Rev. gentleman's consideration, whether it would not be in better taste, if he has really procured the barrel of flour, to carry it or cause it to be carried to the door of some poor family himself, rather than to herald, trumpet toned, through a public journal that he has procured the barrel of flour for the poor, and that it is waiting at Mr. Lee's store to be carried by the Spirits, thus mocking pity and insulting the feelings of the poor. I am sorry to say this is characteristic of the charity of too many of his profession. Who ever heard of any of that order of black coated gentlemen carrying a barrel of flour to the door of a poor family? And who in this enlightened age is so ignorant and so bigoted that he does not know it to be a truth, that one hundred barrels of flour are procured and carried by poor families, in the name of God, to the doors of the Clergy, and bestowed with an honesty of purpose, which is creditable to the donors, where one barrel of flour in return, is ever procured to be carried by the order alluded to. The truth is, they are now, and always have been the recipients of charity, and not the bestowers of it. To this general rule it is to be hoped there are some honorable exceptions.

One would have supposed that an ordinary degree of common sense and common prudence would have taught the Rev. Mr. Tully, at least, to have remained silent on a subject, the very touching of which, in the spirit of ridicule, subjects himself to the scorn, ridicule, and contempt of the vicious and unthinking part of community, and to the pity and compassion of the wise and the good of all classes, conditions and denominations of men. In no unfriendly spirit I turn the Rev. gentleman over to himself for examination, and am apprehensive that in case he is thorough in his work, experience will teach him, not only that he is his own worst enemy, but that a little more light and a little more information on the subject of Spiritual Intercourse before he presumes another abortive attempt at ridiculing it, will do him, to say the least, no serious injury, and may possibly do him some good.

As the Rev. gentleman has thrown out a challenge to the Spiritualists, as a test of their sincerity and the truthfulness in what they believe, I throw out one for his acceptance or rejection, as may best suit his taste, inclination or convenience. I think we are told in the New Testament, substantially, that those who believe in Christ shall handle deadly serpents, and they shall not injure them. They shall also lay hands on the sick, they shall be healed, they shall drink deadly poison and it shall not hurt them, there are also other tests or signs given in the New Testament, by which his followers may with certainty be known. The Rev. Mr. Tully, no doubt, wishes to be understood that he is a man of God, and that he believes in the New Testament. If he does so believe, and he is just what he thinks he is, he can lay hands on the sick, they shall be healed, handle serpents or scorpions, they shall not injure him, and drink deadly poison, and it shall not hurt him, or else the test or sign is wrong, and the New Testament incorrect. Now my challenge to the gentleman is, that I will procure a Rattle snake, and if he, in the presence of a public assembly, will handle it, and is not injured, then I will concede that he has given one of the signs or tests by which his religious character is to be known. Then, if the gentleman, in the pres-

ence of the same assembly, will drink a pint of water with ten grains of strychnine in it, and it does not injure him, I will concede that he has given me another sign of the mighty power and working of God through those who really believe in him; and if the gentleman will, by laying one of his hands upon the sick, heal them, I will concede that he has given another sign or test by which it may be known that he is a Christian, according to the test or signs laid down in the New Testament. And I assure the gentleman, that in case he does any or all those things, I will not ascribe them to the working of the d—l, nor be so presumptuous as to think that I can detect him in some trick or imposition.

As the Rev. gentleman professes to believe in the teaching of Christ, and as the Spiritualists make the same profession, they are, therefore willing to meet the Rev. Mr. Tully at the Court House, or the large Hall in the Sans Souci, or any other public suitable place, the gentleman may select, and before a respectable public audience, test by the rules laid down by Christ, the professions of Mr. Tully, and also the sincerity of the professions of the Spiritualists. In case Mr. Tully thinks proper to accept of this challenge, through the columns of the *Baltimore Journal*, means will be used to procure a live Rattle snake, and a blind and sick person. It is expected that Mr. Tully will handle this live snake without harm, cause the blind to see, heal the sick by the laying on of hands. The same will be expected of the Spiritualists.—Mr. Tully will please mention the time that will be most agreeable to him, for the test of the professed believers in the teachings of Christ, in case he accepts this challenge. The teachings of Christ referred to will be found in the last chapter of Mark, 13, 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20th verses.

Thinking the following extract from the good Book not inapplicable to the present condition of society in the religious world, I copy the following from the first chapter of Isaiah, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16, for our moral instruction.

Hear the word of the Lord ye rulers of Sodom, Give ear unto the law of our God ye people of Gomorrah.

To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices to me, saith the Lord, I am full of burnt offerings of Rams and the fat of fed beasts, and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats.

When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand to tread my courts. Bring no vain oblations, incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and Sabbaths; the calling of assemblies I cannot; away with it, it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting.

Your new moon's, your appointed feasts, my soul hateth, they are a trouble unto me, I am weary to bear them.

And when ye spread forth your hands I hide mine eyes from you, ye when ye make your many prayers I will not hear, your hands are full of blood.

Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes, cease to do evil, learn to do well, seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.

"Come now and let us reason together."

Unless the gentleman accepts this challenge, and gives the test as laid down in the New Testament, as a sign of his calling, I advise his congregation to appoint a committee over him, to see that he publishes no more challenges such, as appeared in the *Journal* of last week.

JOHN BROTHERTON.

FEMALE POLITENESS.

Dodge, the concert singer, writes an account of his travels for the "Boston Museum." We extract the following from a late number, in which he recounts the incidents of a journey from Boston to Worcester. It is hoped this rebuke does not hit any considerable number of female travelers.

"Arriving at Newton Corner, a little love of a place, situated about seven miles from Boston, there stepped into a car a very fine matronly appearing lady of about 35 years of age; but as every seat was crowded, we knew that unless some one should have the politeness to offer her his seat, the fine looking lady in silks and satins would have to try her hand—we mean her feet—for a time at standing; so immediately rising with one of those original graceful bows, (for which Mrs. Stephens gives us credit) and a smile that would have done credit to Richard the Third, we very politely asked her if she would accept of our seat.

Well, what do you think she said? She didn't say a thing! not a thing! but with a swing and a whirl, like a turkey among the weeds, and a saucy pout of the lips, she anchored herself in our seat, as though it had been her property for the last two centuries, and she should yet call us to an account for our presumption in placing ourselves there at all.

Of course we felt mighty glad that we gave her our seat, we couldn't help it. It's human nature, you know.

The cars meanwhile kept buzzing along as though they had been enjoying a Fourth of July ever since they started; and while we were yet looking very affectionately at our lady friend, the conductor announced Auburndale, ten miles from Boston; and here we had another addition to our already crowded load; and among them a fine blooming Miss of sweet seventeen, dressed with a fulness that must have given great pleasure to dress-makers in general, and wholesale dealers in cotton in particular. Passing into the car some three or four seats from the door, she suddenly turned round to a poorly-dressed and aged farmer, and exclaimed in a tone of authority.

"Will you give me this seat, Sir?"

Of course, the old gentleman could not do otherwise than rise. Not a "thank-ee," however, was given, a smile or even a nod of the head, in acknowledgment of the obligation; but the lovely countenance that ought to have been the window to a lovely heart, retained a cold and Indian-like expression of nothingness—a perfect "I don't care for nothing nor nobody" expression. Noticing that the old man's limbs trembled from long wear and age, and the rapid motion of the cars, we gave a young man twenty-five cents to give him his seat, and were soon after engaged in mathematical calculation on the future price of bristles."

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—A good story is not to be spoiled for relation's sake. An Episcopal clergyman, so the story goes, had preached for a Baptist. It was on a communion occasion. At the close of the regular service, Brother A. (the Episcopalian) was about to retire.

"I am sorry I cannot invite you to remain and partake," said Brother B., (the Baptist) "but you know our custom."

"Oh," said Brother A., "I could not do it. I could not receive it at your hands, Brother B.; you know our custom."

This was diamond cut diamond.

Why is it, death that thou dost call
Our best loved, and the beautiful,
To swell thy list?
But cometh on with step profound,
And all the weary senses drown
In sorrow's mist?

Why is it? in the morn of life,
When some just arm for the strife,
Are stricken down;
Ere they have girt their armor on,
Into thy cold embrace be drawn,
To wear thy crown?

Why is it, light from beaming eyes,
With hues like some bright summer skies,
So soon is quenched?
And those, who on our bosom lie,
For whom (to save them) we could die—
From us be wrenched?

Why is it, that the young, the fair,
And those that have our warmest prayer,
Be called so soon?
And taken from the loving heart,
And sent by thy remorseless dart
To meet their doom?

Mortal! question not the power,
That sent me in that darksome hour,
To do "His Will,"
But trusting, lean upon his arm,
For He will shield them from the storm
Then "Peace be still."

I come not then, as Terror's King,
To make the earth with sorrow ring,
But to release
The soul, from prison-house of clay,
That the freed Spirit then may say,
Thou art the "Prince of Peace."

And to the desolate, and the weary,
When all earth looks dark and dreary,
I then come
To them, a welcome messenger,
Relieving them from toil and care,
And bear them home.

The best-loved and the beautiful,
From out the ranks I often cull,
Though many a tie be given,
For where the heart is, there's the treasure,
And thus, God teaches you with pleasure
To turn your thoughts to Heaven.

[The *Yours Record*.]

NIAGARA.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

Earth trembleth at thy passing, mighty flood!
And from the secret chambers of the deep,
The voices of thy many waters keep,
In thunder-tones and wild majestic mood,
One everlasting anthem praising God!

Thy fearful pathway leads thee o'er a steep,
Which thou thyself alone dost dare to leap!
I feel to worship here; and from this seat,
High o'er the beetling cliffs above the brink
Of thy abyss, will wonder gaze and think:—
How restless is thy surge beneath my feet!

For ever rolling rushing on to meet
Old ocean's boundless depths, for aye to sink
Into oblivion, whence we mortals shrink!

Heaven archeth o'er thy gates, great deluge-born!
With bow that sprang from world-submerging
waves;
Below its circling reach thy maddened flood here
raves,
And notches forth on walls of adamant deep worn,
The years that have been since thy birth-day morn!

Forever lost the bark that rashly braves
The war of adverse waters—no arm saves!
Proud kings and purpled potentates of earth,
With trophies borne in march from battle-plain,
Where slept the glorious dead in havoc slain,
Sound clarion loud and seek the distant heath,
Through arch triumphal reared at place of birth—
How mean are they beside thy monarch train,
And goings forth to join the stormy Main!

POPULAR LIES.

Rev. E. H. Chapin, in his lecture before the Mercantile Library Association last week, upon "Practical Life," hit off one of the popular vices of society—lying—in a very effective manner, as appears from the report in the *Traveler*, from which we copy a couple of paragraphs:

"Lies of action are blood relations to lies of speech, and oral lies constitute a small share of the falsehoods in the world. These are lies of custom and lies of fashion; lies of padding and lies of whalebone; lies of the first water in diamonds of paste, and unblushing blushes of lies to which a shower would give quite a different complexion; the politician lies, who, like a circus rider, strides two horses at once; the coquette's lies, who, like a professor of legerdemain, keeps six plates dancing at a time; lies sandwiched between bargains; lies in lively behind republican coaches, in all the pomp of gold band and buttons; lies of red tape and sealing wax; lies from the cannon's mouth; lies in the name of glorious principles that might make dead heroes clatter in their graves; Malakoffs of lies, standing upon sacred dust, and lifting their audacious pinnacles in the light of the eternal heaven.

Need we say what an uneasy, slavish vanity is that which won't let a man appear as he really is, but makes him afraid of the world and himself, and so keeps him perpetually at work with subterfuges and shams. He is dissatisfied with Nature's charter, and so issues false stock. Oh, how much for himself and the world for man to be brave and true, what God and unavoidable circumstances have made him—to come out and dare say I am poor, of humble birth, of humble occupation, or I don't know how much! What a cure this ingenuousness would be for social rottenness and financial earthquakes. How much sweeter and purer these actual rills of capacity and possession than this great brackish river of pretension, blown with bubbles, and evaporating with gas—how much better than this splendid misery, these racks and thumb-screws that belong to the inquisition of fashion, and thousands of shabby things, the shabbiest of all being those too proud to seem just what they are."—*Ex.*

THE LESSON OF LIFE.—Daily experience shows that the affections, the propensities, the passions, are the great springs of human life; and that, so far from resulting from intelligence, their spontaneous and independent impulse is indispensable to the first awakening and continuous development of the various intellectual faculties by assigning to them a permanent end, without which—to say nothing of the vagueness of their general direction—they would remain dormant in the majority of men.—*Conte.*

THE ELEMENTS OF FREEDOM.—Virtue is free choice of the right; love, the free embrace of the heart; grace, the free motion of the limbs; genius, the free, bold flight of thought; eloquence, its free and fervent utterance.—*Channing.*

MANIFESTATIONS IN DARKNESS.

Having already expressed our opinion on the probable use, and the known abuse of dark circles, or prolong the controversy, but as many Spiritualists have had marked experiences in these circles, we copy the following from the *Spirit Advocate*, hoping its teachings may be suggestive of thought in the right direction, even though it may fail to explain the need or elaborate the method by which these manifestations are to become useful. Ed. CHRIS. SPIN.

One of the most common and futile objections that is frequently urged against the claims of Spiritualism is the assumption that the so-called Spirit manifestations occur in the dark, when there is the greatest opportunity for trickery and imposition.—Now, we will not admit the allegation that ninety-nine one-hundredths of the said phenomena occur in a room so darkened that the eyes of the witnesses cannot detect every movement and position of those persons composing the circle. There is a high and peculiar class of manifestations, however, that require the exclusion of light from the circle. Such manifestations include the exhibition of electrical lights, spirit forms, and combinations of matter eliminated by spirit power from the dense and surrounding atmosphere. Now we all know that artificial figures of light are more apparent in a darkened room than amid the glare and star-blinding brilliancy of day. What satisfaction would accrue from witnessing a display of "dissolving views" or a magic light Planetarium on a leisure and effulgent afternoon?

Every philosophic mind is ready to acknowledge that within the range of optical science very many experiments necessitate the presence of profound darkness. Among such may be classed the decomposition of light, "the converging, diverging and refracting capacities of lenses," the luminous creations of the pyrotechnist, the experiment of fixing the image of the camera, and a host of others. Because these things occur in the dark, we would be unwise and inconsistent if we should regard them as useless or designed impositions. How little would we know of the starry universe if the shades of night did not eclipse the absorbing brightness of day, and bring to view those lesser lights that glimmer in the firmament. The whole science of astronomy originates and progresses in the dark when the world lies dreaming. Shall we denounce the whole "Architecture of the Heavens" as a visionary and baseless fabrication forthwith, because a few enlightened and inspired astronomers have held their circles nightly in their lonely observatories, and all rectified formed a model of the Universe? If we carefully investigate, we shall find most of the Spirit phenomena of the Bible occurred even or in the slumbering watches of the night. Could the human sight discover all the electrical forces that proceed from and are produced by living organizations, all the currents of electricity that are about us and emanate from us, the causes that disturb their equilibrium and destroy their power, the medial relations that these subtle forces of nature sustain to spiritual agencies, we should not marvel that spirits so feebly and so imperfectly manifest their presence on certain occasions. The human battery that discharges its energy in the telegraphs is so liable to be disarranged and out of tune, by circumstances and contingencies of a mental and physical, perhaps constitutional character, that before we should ridicule the phenomena and communications in questions, as too humble, simple and trivial for such a higher order of intelligences we should most wonder and admire, that they can overcome so many hindrances and obstructions, and operate as well as they do.

There was a *Dark Circle* which God instituted by the hand of Moses, through which all the oracles of the Jews were transmitted. Within the "Holy of Holies," both in the Temple and Tabernacle, no mortal was allowed to enter save the purified and sanctified priest. That secluded apartment was veiled around, so that no light of day ever beamed upon its darkness. It was clothed with the solemnity of another world and filled with unearthly grandeur. In this dark and silent sanctum the light of the visible glory of the Almighty appeared, and voices revealed the mandate of his will. Without this darkness the light of Urim and Thummim could not appear. The apartment was necessarily veiled with curtains and skins, that the precious stones in the breast-plate of the Priest might send forth visible and prophetic coruscations. What a chance for imposition, for Spiritual gulling, as only the Priest received these miraculous messages and reported them to the multitude. How easy to fabricate edicts and give them the sanctity of Jehovah's signature! Whatever occurred within that darkened chamber of the temple the Priest has only confessed. There is this difference between Moses' dark circle and the circle of our day. While only one human being was allowed to enter the former, scores and thousands are privileged to enter the latter. If deception and imposition could be practiced in either, where was the most facility offered, at the one where the communications were given in the presence of one solitary witness, or where they were delivered in the presence of hundreds. When the query is fairly and reasonably answered, why was a darkened and secluded room necessary for the spiritual manifestations of the olden time, then will I give the same reason why Spirits of modern date require, in some particular instances, similar arrangements and conditions.

H. P. K.

SPIRITUAL INSTINCTS.

The sight of Christ crucified, recalling the thought of what he suffered for us, has ravished the heart and melted the affections, and made the world seem new, and covered the earth itself with a fairy vision, that is, a heavenly one. The strength of this feeling arises from its being directed towards a person, a real being, an individual like ourselves, who has actually endured all this for our sakes, who was so much above us, and yet became one of us and felt as we did, and was, like ourselves, a man. The love which he felt towards us, we seek to return to him; the unity which he has with God he communicates to us. By looking upon him we become like him, at length we see him as he is.—*Mere human love rests upon instincts, the working of which we cannot explain, but which, nevertheless, touch the inmost springs of our being. So, too, we have spiritual instincts, acting towards higher objects still more suddenly and wonderfully capturing our souls in an instant, and making us indifferent to all things else. Such instincts show themselves in the weak no less than in the strong; they seem to be not so much an original part of our nature as to fulfil our nature, and add to it, and draw it out, until they make us different beings to ourselves and others. It was the quaint fancy of a sentimentalist to ask whether any one who remembers the first sight of a beloved person, could doubt the existence of magic? Much more truly may we ask, Can any one who has ever known the love of Christ, doubt the existence of a spiritual power?—D. J. J. J.*

AN IDEA—TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL.—"I cannot believe that the earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness! Else why is it that the aspirations which leap like angels, from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of us, then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where rainbows never fade; where the stars will be out before us, like islets that slumber on the ocean; and where the beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever!—*Bulwer.*

UNUSUAL INTELLIGENCE OF A DOG.—Not many days since, a Newfoundland dog, belonging to Dr. Gilchrist, the surgeon of the Naval Hospital in Chelsea, was noticed to be very restless about the house, so much so as to attract attention, and induced the men to watch her movements. Finding at length that she had attracted the attention of the people about the hospital, the dog immediately set off from the house. She was followed, and led directly to a man at a little distance from the hospital, lying insensible in the snow, and ready to perish. He was immediately carried to the hospital, and on the application of suitable remedies, recovered. It was afterwards ascertained that the sagacious and affectionate dog had discovered the dying man, and had stretched himself at full length upon the body, for the purpose of warming it into sensibility, but finding this unavailing, had then set out for the hospital, to tell her master and his associates there that a man was dying almost without sight. Fortunately, the people of the hospital were observant of the movements of the intelligent animal, and rewarded her watchful fidelity by rescuing the object of it from certain death.—*Dorset Traveller.*

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.—The virtue of prosperity is temperance; that of adversity, fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity that of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a light some ground; judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odors, more fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—*Lord Bacon.*

HOW MANY HOURS TO WORK.

The limit to mental work varies not only in various individuals, but according to the nature of the work itself. Dr. Johnson assigned eight hours a day as sufficiently for study; Sir Walter Scott worked four or five; mathematicians, and those who do not tax the imagination much, may and do safely study ten or twelve hours daily. As a general proposition it may be stated that those studies which excite the feelings are those which can be least borne. On the other hand, the tranquil labors of the mind have a marked tendency to prolong life. "Ou meurt de Beteise" is perfectly true; the unemployed brain like an unsound muscle, decays and perishes quite as soon as the overworked organ. Renard, in his "Treatise on the Influence of Civilization on Longevity," shows the effect of brain labors of an unexciting kind in those who are protected by an assured income from the roads of care. He took at random the ages of one hundred and fifty-two individuals, one half of whom were members of the Academy of the Sciences, the other half of the Academy of Inscriptions, and found that the average longevity of the mathematicians and antiquarians was ninety years. Sir Humphrey Davy seems to have had a view only those who have "battled" with life who he states "that there are few instances in this country of very eminent men reaching old age. They usually fail, drop and die before they attain the period naturally marked for the end of human existence; the lives of our Statesmen, Warriors, Poets, and even Philosophers, offered abundant proof of the truth of this opinion, whatever brains consumed—ashes remain!"—*Dorchester Telegraph.*

THE FROZEN DEAD.

The scene of the greatest interest at the Hospital of St. Bernard—a solemn extraordinary interest, indeed, a sort of Morgue, or building where the dead bodies of lost wanderers are deposited. There they are, some of them as when the breath of life departed and the death angel, with his instruments of frost and snow, stiffened and embalmed them for ages. The floor is thick with nameless skulls and bones, and human dust heaped in confusion. But around the walls are groups of poor sufferers in the very position in which they were found, as rigid as marble, and in this air, by the preserving elements of an eternal frost, almost as unchanging. There is a mother and her child, a most affecting image of suffering and love. The face of the little one remains pressed to the mother's bosom, only the back part of the skull being visible, the body enfolded in careful arms affectionate in vain, to shield her from the elemental wrath of the tempest. The snow fell fast and thick, and the burrowing wind came up in one white shroud and buried them. The mother also died, and the child, standing alone, the face dried and black, the white unbroken teeth firmly set and closed, grinning from the fleshless jaws; it is a most awful spectacle. The face seems to look at you, from the recess of the sepulchre, as if it would tell you the story of a death struggle in the storm. There are other groups more indistinct, but these two are never to be forgotten; and the whole of these dried and frozen remnants of humanity are a terrible demonstration of the fearfulness of the mountain pass, when the elements let loose in fury, encounter the unhappy traveller. You look at all this through the grated window; there is light enough to make it solemly and distinctly visible, and to read in it a powerful record of mental and physical agony, and of maternal love and death. That little child hiding its face in its mother's bosom, and the group, nor the memento mori, nor the token of deathless love.—*Wanderings of a Pilgrim.*

SULKY MEN.—Sulky men are curious mortals. They are the only of goody, and the very atmosphere around them is chill and gloomy. When single they are stupid, and when married, tyrants. Girls should shun them just as a careful mariner steers clear of an iceberg.